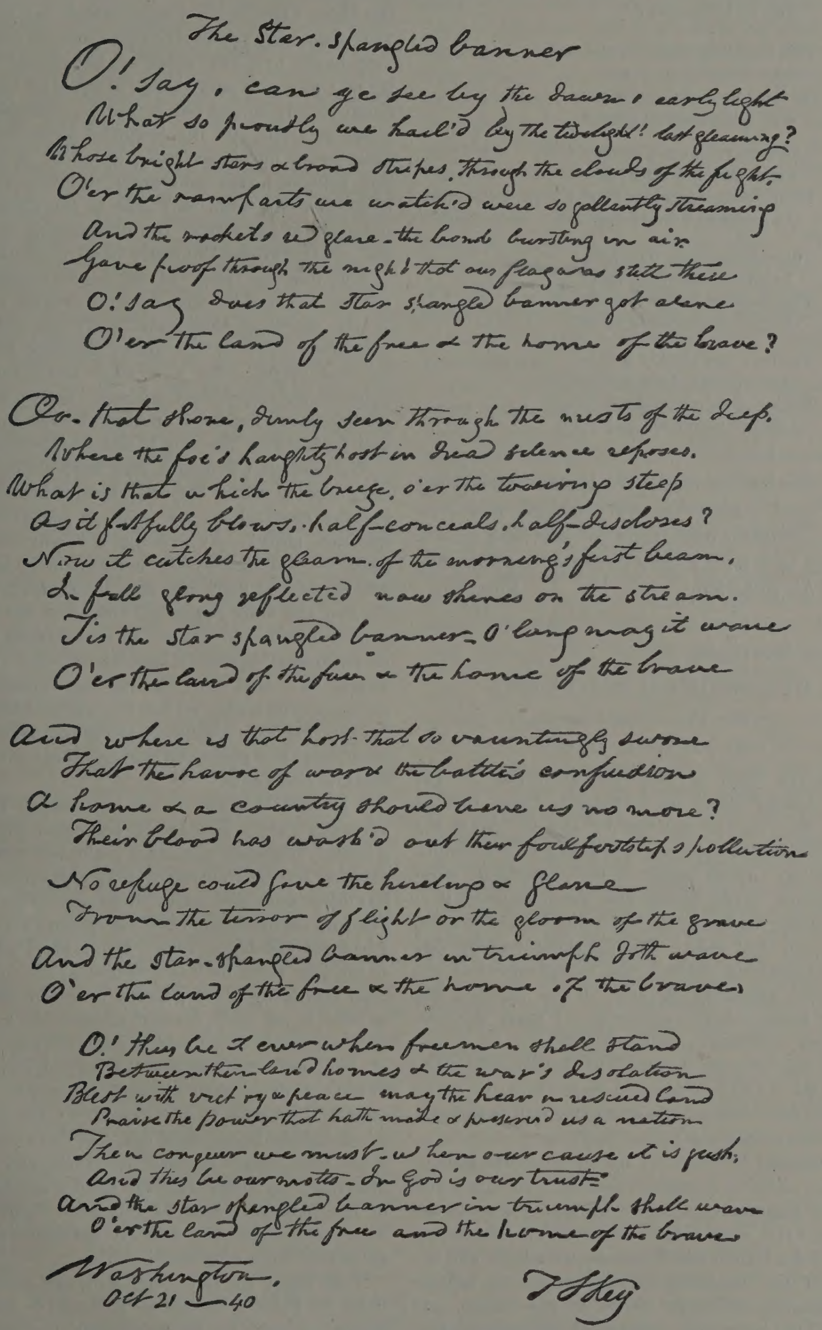
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.
CORTHELL SC.

VOL. IX.—NO. 19.] A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME. [MAY 20, 1894.

"OLD GLORY."



The Star-spangled banner

O! say, can ye see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd by the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose bright stars & broad stripes, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming
And the rockets red glare, the bomb bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there
O! say does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep.
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes.
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave

And where is that host that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion
A home & a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution
No refuge could save the hireling & slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes & the war's desolation
Blest with vict'ry & peace may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made & preserv'd us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, In God is our trust.
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Washington,
Oct 21 — 40

F S Key

("*The Star-Spangled Banner*" *in the Handwriting of the Author.*)

He who loathes war, and will do everything in his power to avert it, but who will, in the last extremity, encounter its perils, from love of country and of home,—who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive a worthy homage.

ABBOTT.

For Every Other Sunday.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

OH, children, keep this holiday
With better thoughts than sport and play.
Go with the soldiers, old and few,
To where they now fair flowers strew,
Where waves the flag and beats the drum;
They love to have the children come.
Those lying in each silent grave
Met death our happy homes to save.
They battles fought for you and me,
And bore the flag from sea to sea;
They kept our nation what we see;
They made the slaves forever free;
They taught the preciousness of man
As only valiant spirits can.
Most tender day of all the year
Is when Memorial Day is here.

For Every Other Sunday.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

BY ANNIE DARLING.

IT was a beautiful May night, when two sight-seers, on pleasure bent, settled themselves comfortably in the seats of a luxurious sleeper. To some people who go flying over the rails many times in a year, this part of the journey grows monotonous; but when it is a new experience, there is delight at every turn. At this season of the year of which I speak, the passing landscape, as it is seen for a second and then is gone again, is like some wonderful kaleidoscope turned by unseen hands, showing varied beauties hard to describe. The foliage is of the most tender green; the delicate tracery of the trees just starting into leaf, with their tints of gray and brown and green, is exquisite, as it rests against the afternoon sky, or is mirrored in pond or lake; while dotting the landscape here and there, the blossoms of the fruit trees and flowering shrubs add a bit of white or pink to bring out the rest.

Sleep, even in the berth of a sleeping-car, is enjoyable in its very novelty; and the meals, luxurious in themselves as the purse can afford, give one a foretaste of what the same might be on shipboard. Their very uncertainty has a charm,—for one moment you think you have what you desire, and another it slips from your grasp, and you have a supply either greater or less than you at first anticipated.

As noon draws near the next day, the traveller begins to prepare for the journey's end,—Washington, the Mecca of true Americans, the nation's capital. As the train approaches the city, the gleaming dome of the capitol itself lifts its lofty height against the sky, while beyond, the slender shaft of the Washington Monument silently points heavenward, across which the shadows come and go like clouds at play.

The "Virgin Capital," on the eastern bank of the Potomac, in the month of May is certainly a thing of beauty, its wide streets, embowered in trees, and its flower-decked squares making it like some great flower garden.

Through the bright sunshine we go toward the Capitol, covering three and one-half acres. Its bronze doors, modelled in Rome, in 1858, are well worth looking at They have each four panels, illustrating the life of Columbus and his discovery of this country. Below the bronze statue of Freedom, surmounting the great dome, is a lantern lighted by electricity, and used when the Houses are in session at night.

As one crosses the rotunda and looks up, he can see the exquisite allegorical paintings of the dome, a nearer view of which can be had several flights of stairs above.

Brief glimpses of the White House and other buildings of which we read, would take time to describe; but perhaps one of the added pleasures of a trip to Washington is a visit to Arlington, the soldiers' cemetery. This beautiful spot, on the opposite bank of the Potomac, was originally the residence of General Lee, but was confiscated by the United States at the time of the Civil War, and finally was devoted to a soldiers' cemetery. Sixteen thousand two hundred and sixty-five soldiers whose names are known, and four thousand seventy-seven unknown lie buried here.

On entering the gate, as far as the eye can see there are rows upon rows of small headstones of uniform size, each making this quiet resting-place of the dead seem like a vast army of silent witnesses to a victory won through lives laid down.

We pause reverently before a square monument which covers the resting-place of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown men, whose bodies were gathered from Bull Run to the Rappahannock.

In front of the great house used by General Lee as his home is the grave of General Sheridan; and stretching out before the eye lies the beautiful valley, with the silver thread of the Potomac winding through it. Beyond lies Washington, with its big dome gleaming in the sunlight, its snow-white monument, save where the shadows flitting over it make it of a soft gray, — the golden sunshine, and over all, the peaceful hush, in keeping with place, all lending their aid to make the picture one never to be forgotten. It all seemed to harmonize with the words found on the walls of one of the rooms in the house, once the home where lives were lived; and hearts must have learned the bitterness of separation from that home, and let us trust, the lesson of submission as well: —

> "Whether on the tented field, or in the battle van,
> The fittest place for man to die
> Is where he dies a man."

And as we leave this spot, with its sacred memories of life laid down for love of God and home and country, we, too, say, —

> "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

For Every Other Sunday.

FALSE TONES.

BY L. N. COOKE.

When fresh spring airs were blowing,
And trees in green were dressed,
A robin and his fair young wife
Went forth to build their nest.
In a maple's leafy branches,
'Neath which the children played,
Of sticks and twigs and lining soft,
The dear home-nest was made.

Then sang the robins gayly,
"Oh, what a world of joy
For bird and bee and butterfly,
For every girl and boy!"

But hark! there sounds a discord!
Oh, can it, can it be
Those voices harsh, those jangling tones
Are the children's 'neath the tree?

Mrs. Robin ceased her singing:
"My heart with grief is stirred;
Our babies ne'er could sing aright
If these false tones were heard."

Said Mr. Robin, sadly,
"Too true is what you say;
We fain must leave this pretty nest
And fly so far away."

. . . .

This time they chose an elm-tree,
And waited in its shade
For the voices of the children
Who underneath it played.

And soon from out a cottage
Came Ned and little Fan,
Their childish laughter filled the air,
As round and round they ran.

Then sitting down together,
In loving tones they spoke, —
That moment on the morning air
A glorious bird-song broke.

The nest was quickly builded;
And through the summer days
Robins, children, and baby-birds
Chirped merry roundelays.

My idea is that there are duties toward our native land common to every citizen, and even public institutions and education must have such a direction as to enable every citizen to fulfil his duty toward his fatherland. Kossuth.

For Every Other Sunday.

OLD-WORLD PICTURES.

No. VI. — Switzerland.

BY FANNIE A. TYLER.

On the third of July the proprietor of the Grand Hotel de l'Athenée, Paris, told us that on the morrow he should throw the American flag to the breeze, in honor of his American guests. I was happy in the thought of what the morrow would bring, and yet wondered if it would make me homesick to see the blessed symbol of my own dear land. Coming down to breakfast the next morning, there it was in the corner of the hall; and gathering its folds in my arms, I left among them a loyal kiss, and — I must acknowledge my weakness — not a few tears.

And this was my farewell to the imperial city; for at last the happy day had come when we could turn our faces toward the country I had been longing for ever since our arrival in Paris.

We entered Switzerland by the beautiful gate of Geneva. Such a homelike, dainty, clean city! and so small (seemingly, after Paris) that one could see it in a very short time. We visited the houses where John Calvin and Rousseau were born, and the finest of the churches, walked across the bridges that spanned the clear waters of the Rhone, and enjoyed the refreshing verdure of Rousseau's Isle. Of course we visited the shops filled with musical boxes in almost every conceivable shape, even to a chair which responded melodiously as I seated myself for a moment's rest. It greatly startled me, for I feared I had accomplished some mischief as I quickly arose; but the proprietor, amused at my dismay, begged me to allow the chair to complete the melody. Last of all, we visited in the kiosque a relief of the mountains of Switzerland, which was on exhibition in the English garden opposite our hotel. It gave us an intelligent idea of the wild, beautiful country we were about to visit, and only served to increase my desire to hasten toward the snow-peaks and glaciers, and see for myself what "seas of ice" really were.

How bright and beautiful was the morning, when, engaging a diligence for our party of five, we proceeded to Sallenches, where we were entertained for the night in a real chalet, so delightfully picturesque, and such an improvement (for just the short time we should spend in it) upon the stately hotel we had left in Geneva.

Our dinner was served in a room with only two walls to it, and no roof; but an awning was over our heads; and through the opening we could see the Mont Blanc chain directly before us, seemingly very near, and yet twelve miles distant. We were very happy over that meal, not because of the quality of the viands served, but because of the magnificent picture spread out before us, — the snow-clad peaks in front, and the beautiful green valley and hillsides on our right, with the music of the tinkling bells on cattle and goats wending their way homeward, the hum of voices in the distance, and the glory of the setting sun illuminating the valley, and softly flushing the hoary head of Mont Blanc.

And how we slept in our pretty chalet! — an unbroken slumber, with blessed dreams of home. In the morning, bright and early, we started for Chamouni; and never could I describe the charm of this drive. We saw such snow mountains, glaciers, an imprisoned chamois restless under his confinement, peasants, mules, — everything new and interesting, for was it not Switzerland?

We reached Chamouni, and were assigned pleasant rooms in Hotel Imperial, from which we could see the monarch of the Alps in his evening and morning glory. At evening a bright star rested upon his white brow, like a diamond in a coronet, and the sunset flush was over his grand face. One by one the stars appeared, and then the shadows settled into a soft gray. It was a scene to make an enthusiast wonder if she were in this life or had passed on. But the following day brought an experience which assured her she was still in this life; for the ride upon a mule up the Montanvert brought such aches and pains and smarts as only earth-bound mortals can know.

I wonder if there is one experience more disagreeable than a four hours' ride upon the back of a mule! Possibly mountain mules are more to be dreaded for their obstinacy than any others; but if anything ever *did* exist more perverse than the creature bestowed upon me that warm July morning, I had not yet found him. Wherever I wished him to go, just there he was determined *not* to go; and after trying by every possible means to induce him to walk in the path, instead of upon the very brink of a precipice, down which I could look hundreds of feet, and contemplate the jagged rocks at the bottom, I decided to abandon the saddle. Consequently I walked to the summit of the mountain, where all the mules were left, and descended on the other side, across the Mer de Glace, and over the Mauvais Pas, to the little inn erected on the summit of Le Chapeau. And in this rude little building weary travellers rest and are refreshed after this excursion from Chamouni.

That night we slept well although so tired, and tried to believe ourselves sufficiently rested the following morning to accomplish the journey to Martigny, which would cost us many miles of mule-back. This passage of the Alps is indelibly impressed upon my memory, — the delightful drive of six miles to Argentière, the exchange of the comfortable vehicle for my mule, — the very same fellow that tortured me the day before; I knew him, and he knew me. I am sure of it by the look he gave me when I was scolding about him to my guide. But Benoni mounted me, and when all were ready, we started for Martigny through the Pass of the Tête Noire, and up the Col de la Forclas, a mountain over four thousand feet in height, at the foot of which lies the little village, our goal.

Not very far did I ride that obstinate creature, who seemed to have two backs with a hollow between, and several more legs than he was entitled to, — because no animal ought to accomplish so much kicking with only four, — before my saddle slipped, and not much wonder. So did *I* slip with malice aforethought; and after a pleasant rest at the little inn Barberini, where dinner is served to tourists, their guides, and mules, I proceeded alone to make the Pass on foot.

The day was perfect; I had no fear; and the eighteen miles were covered much more acceptably to myself than had I been subjected to the motion of the creature I had deserted. Many peasants I met, men and women, all of whom saluted me courteously, and replied cordially when I inquired if I were on the right road to Martigny. What could they have thought this foreign woman, in her Milanese hat, New York blouse, and Paris balmoral, with a bunch of wild flowers tucked in her belt, could be thinking of, to be trudging alone through that long, dreary Pass. But they were ignorant of the alternative. The walk was safely accomplished; and after several hours, I was overtaken by my party, when we descended the mountain together, heartily enjoying the wondrously beautiful picture spread out before us. I was reminded of my reading of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the picture my childish imagination portrayed of the New Jerusalem in the distance, and Christian striving to reach the Golden Gate which would admit him to the beautiful city.

This picture was revived as we approached sweet little Martigny, asleep in the afternoon sunshine, for it looked like a blessed Jerusalem to me, so foot-sore and weary; and I wondered if Christian were half as tired as I, or any more pleased that his journey was nearly ended. At sunset we reached the hotel, where we rested, while I gave my friends an account of my adventures.

Next day to Chillon, beautiful, historic Chillon, where we visited the castle, and went down into the dungeon in which Bonnivard was confined for six years. The story of his imprisonment has been immortalized by Byron. After our visit to this castle of tearful memory, we took the little steamer Bonnivard, and enjoyed a delightful sail on the fair lake, passing Montreux, romantic Clarens, and Vevay, each moment bringing us new pleasures. We had intended leaving the steamer at Vevay, but there was a Spanish viscount on board who attached himself to my husband, and who so strenuously urged us to stop at Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, that we were willing to abide by his advice; and we had no occasion to regret it.

How can I describe the approach to the hotel after landing at the quay? We entered a garden rich in lawns and flowers; and passing over the well kept walks, and under the shadow of beautiful trees, the stately hotel was reached. English-speaking servants met us at the door; "Follow me, please" were words full of music; and gladly we followed our guide to a room two flights of stairs high, a hard climb for one who was foot-sore, but such a beautiful room when reached, — a large, corner room, with two windows overlooking the exquisite garden, and two upon the calm Lake Leman. I was rested at once; and throwing open a window, I was enchanted with the scene. In the distance I saw the snow-capped Alps, of Savoy; before me, the garden filled with gay people (principally English, for this Hotel Beau Rivage is a favorite resort for that nation), the perfect music, the lake, — with its pleasure-boats moored near the garden, that their occupants might enjoy the music, — the perfect atmosphere, the clear sky with its bright stars, and the moon shining over all. Was it not a blessed evening? All this beauty I enjoyed from my windows; and then I fell asleep, to awake in the early morning of the day when we should start for Freiburg, and listen to the wonderful, world-renowned organ. My husband asked me what he should give me as an inducement to pass Freiburg by, and proceed directly to Berne; and I answered him that there was not gold enough in all the world to accomplish such a thing. I suppose it was a somewhat extravagant expression, but I felt that I must see and hear this great organ, of such renown. And we did hear it; and I have heard it ever since, for it played right into my very soul.

The cathedral was dimly lighted. We seated ourselves in one of the old, carved stalls, and in perfect silence we and others who had come for the same purpose as ourselves waited. Not a word was spoken; not even a whisper was heard. At eight o'clock a faint light appeared at the left of the key-board, a little bell was rung, and the sweet instrument began to sing. The player evidently was regardless of himself; he loved the instrument, and only cared to display its wonderful power. Every stop was called into action, and the Vox Humana produced a thrilling effect. Who can describe that moment, when, in the dim light of that old Minster, we heard a quartette of sweet, tremulous voices, so human, and so beautiful, that one could scarcely believe they were created by the genius of man.

There was a thunder-storm commenced. We heard at first the distant muttering, then the rolling and the crashing; the lightning flashed over the keys, and during a moment of stillness, we could hear the soughing of the wind; and then as the storm gradually passed, again we heard the quartette of sweet voices, seemingly so far off that we knew they, too, would soon cease. And they did cease; and we were left in the silence of the old cathedral. The little light at the key-board had disappeared, and I was grateful for the darkness, that none should observe my tear-stained face. When we returned to the hotel, and the proprietor asked me how I had been pleased with the performance, I answered that I was covered with chills, my tears were exhausted, and that the organist, Jacques Vogt, was responsible for all this emotion. Then he told me that Jacques Vogt died ten days ago, and that his son, twenty years of age, had played the organ for us. Could it be that fingers so young had handled that instrument with such matchless skill and power and pathos as to produce such emotion? I think every member of our party was glad of the experience of that one evening in Freiburg's old Minster; and even my husband thanked me for my determination to hear for myself, and note the difference between the two greatest instruments I had ever heard, — those of Freiburg and Boston.

The proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one. SHENSTONE.

MEETING OF THE WINDS.

THE North and the South Winds met one day in a field beside a river. The North Wind had brought some snow the night before, but the South Wind blew soon after, and melted nearly all of it. Only a few white patches were left, here and there, along the sunny banks of the stream.

As soon as the winds came near each other, the South Wind said, "Good morning, brother; I am glad to meet you, though your cold breath quite chills me."

"But I am not glad to meet you," answered the North Wind. "Why did you melt my snow so quickly? Could you not let it lie for one day?"

"The time has come for the grass and flowers, you know, brother, and I must be at work," said the gentle South Wind.

"There was no need of such haste," said the burly North Wind. "When friends meet, they should be polite."

"I have to call up the daisies and waken the roses," said the South Wind, "and make all the fields green by the first of May; I have no time to lose. Look at yonder meadow, how brown it is! and at these trees, how bare! Scarcely a fly is buzzing in the sunshine, and not a tortoise has yet crept out of his hole in the ground."

"I do not care for your daisies and your tortoises," muttered the North Wind; "you want to hurry me off, but I will not go so soon."

"Have you not had the whole winter to yourself?" asked the South Wind, — "freezing the brooks, driving away all my birds and butterflies, and covering the fields and roads and bushes and barns with snow? If I chanced to come then to pay you a little visit some bright morning, how quickly you drove me away again! Never might I stay till the sun went down."

"The winter is my time," said the North Wind; "it belongs to me, and you had no right to come then."

"And the spring is my time," said the South Wind, "and you know the law is that I must have the fields now."

"You think a great deal of yourself," said the North Wind, angrily, "but I am stronger than you. I can fly farther and see things you never see. Where do you think I came from this morning?"

"Tell me; I cannot guess," whispered the South Wind.

"I came all the way from the icy pole, where the sea is frozen over, and the land is covered with snow that never melts. The white bear lives there; I saw one but a few hours ago, watching for fish by a hole that he had broken through the ice."

"But you never saw my home or the strange sights that are there," said the South Wind. "I come from the far-off Torrid Zone, where the snow never falls, and the frost never kills the buds and flowers. There the panther lives. I passed by one last night in the forest, lying out on a branch of a great tree watching for his prey, that he might spring down on it as it passed beneath."

"But I see the Esquimaux," answered the North Wind, "in their strange skin dresses, living in houses of snow. They fight the fierce walrus on the ice, and spear the fur-covered seal from their little boats that dance on the waves. I watch the Northern Lights, so red and beautiful, shooting up like bright flames in the sky, and the night is almost as bright as the day. Then the Esquimaux harnesses his dogs and the Laplander his reindeer, and they travel swiftly over the frozen plain. Yesterday, I blew with all my might, until I loosened a field of ice and sent it out to sea. A white bear was on it, and he sailed on his ice-boat across the sea to Iceland. As I passed the steep, high rocks on the shores of Greenland, I saw the eider ducks brooding there. Each one had lined her nest with soft down plucked from her own breast. Then I frightened them with my hoarse voice, and thousands of them — yes, hundreds of thousands — rose up in the air like a cloud."

"But let me ask you," murmured the South Wind, "did you ever hear, among your icebergs and frozen waters, the song of the oriole and mocking-bird, that I hear every day, in the woods where I live? You look at your Esquimaux in their snow houses, but I peep in at the hut of the Indian, that stands under the forest shades, or I blow against the sail of his canoe and waft it up some quiet river, where the trees grow thick on each side and meet overhead. The red flamingo wades out into the water, and the monkeys and parrots chatter among the high branches. I see the boa constrictor coiled among the roots on the shore, and watch the alligator floating down the stream. My home is among the orange-trees, and in the fields where the sugar cane grows. There I lie still and sleep, or awake to go forth on my journeys over the earth, not to freeze up the ground and make barren and bare, but to cover it with grass, and bring out the buds and flowers in every bush and tree."

While the winds were talking in this way, the River, which had been listening to them, said: "Why do you thus boast and provoke each other? Why not speak gently and kindly of the wonderful things you have seen? You would not change homes, would you?"

"No, indeed," each one replied; "I love my own the best."

"Then," said the River, "what good can come of disputing when both are satisfied? As for me, I love you both. I am glad for the North Wind to blow cold, and cover me with ice in the winter, so that the merry skaters can come and glide swiftly over my smooth surface. And I love the South Wind to breathe softly in the spring, and make my banks green again, and waken the frogs along my shore, and bring the fisherman in his boat, and the boys to swim. Let us all be friends, then, and love each other, and be satisfied with what our good Creator has given us, and be happy in pleasing him."

Then the North Wind said: "I am willing to be friends again. It is true that the spring is your time, gentle South Wind. I will not stay to nip your opening flowers, but will fly away to my cold home."

And the South Wind said: "Forgive me if I was rude, brother. When November shall come once more, I will leave the fields and woods to you. Take this sprig of evergreen to remember me by, and may it not fade till we meet again. Farewell." — Charles Foster *in "New Light on Old Paths."*

National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.
Tuckerman.

GOLDEN WORDS.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.

PICTURES OF SPRING.

Apple blossoms in the orchard;
Singing birds on every tree;
Grass a-growing in the meadows,
Just as green as green can be;

Violets in shady places,
Sweetest flowers were ever seen;
Hosts of starry dandelions,
"Drops of gold among the green;"

Pale arbutus, fairy wind-flowers,
Innocents in smiling flocks;
Coolest ferns within the hollows;
Columbines among the rocks;

Dripping streams, delicious mosses,
Tassels on the maple-trees;
Drowsy insects, humming, humming;
Golden butterflies and bees;

Daffodils in garden borders;
Fiery tulips, dashed with dew;
Crocus flowers; and through the greenness
Snowdrops looking out at you.

Mrs. Caroline Atherton Mason.

For Every Other Sunday.

THAT LITTLE TOY TRUNK.

BY ISABELLE H. FITZ.

It stands 'neath the eaves of the attic so grim;
In the day's waning light it looks dusky and dim
Pressed close to the rafters I raise the light lid,
Where these treasures of childhood so long have been hid.

There are dolls with a wardrobe moth-eaten and strange,—
Here fashion's decrees have effected no change,—
And pictures,—child-worship before them would bow.
Could a Raphael or Titian delight me thus now?

Balls, pencils, and books, games and puzzles abound,
And treasures for which not a use could be found.
With a half loving hand I restore them again;
I have sympathy still with the child I knew then.

And I think that perhaps the dear Father of all
Notes the treasures *we* prize, which, alas, are so small!
And may lovingly say, "Let them cherish their joys,—
They will outgrow them yet; these are only earth's toys."

For Every Other Sunday.

JACK AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

BY JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

JACK was lying on the grass of the terrace, high above the rocks against which the waves were dashing. The splash, splash, was very soothing to him, for he had gone out of the house with a feeling of unrest and a burden of trouble that was new to him, and therefore a heavy thing to carry. With the early ending of his schooldays came the early ending of hopes that had sprung up in his heart and grown stronger day by day. But it was best—no, it was needful, he could not believe it was best—that he should leave school and go out into the great world.

As he lay on the short grass, fresh with the spring, Jack thought earnestly enough of what he must give up. To be thoroughly educated in all that books can teach, and to take a high place among men as a teacher of book-lore, had been his ambition; and it was hard to feel that this aim must be set aside while he turned to the task of earning money for daily bread, and toiling among men in a field that looked most uncongenial because heretofore most unthought of.

But Jack's father, Mr. Eston, had lost his health; his mind was rapidly failing, and there was one thing only for the boy to do, and this was what he was thinking of as he lay looking out over the water, whose every tiny wave curled over, rejoicing in its freedom, and breaking with a tiny show of white against the blue of the deep ocean.

The sun went down, and the cool east wind came up, and with it the moon. Then the boy pulled his hat down over his eyes and went home. A quiet, pretty home it was. The sweet-faced mother, with a new line of trouble and care on her face, sat sewing by the table in the sitting-room; the father, so generous and loving, was lying on the sofa; and Bella, the twelve-year-old sister, had just finished setting the plates on the table in the dining-room, where the soft lamp-light shone over white linen and delicately-tinted china.

Into this room Jack went directly from the entry, and after he had stooped to kiss his sister—for this boy of seventeen felt it to be unmanly to enter or leave his home without an affectionate parting or greeting with each member of the family—his face lost its troubled look, and took on a braver smile than was usual to it.

After supper Jack and his mother went out into the garden; and while Mrs. Eston sat in a low steamer-chair on the lawn, Jack lay at full length at her feet.

"I know, my son, I know just what all this means to you; and will you not believe that I feel the giving up of your hope as keenly and painfully as you can do? Yet I must believe that whatever is, is best; and that somehow you are to grow into a nobler and better manhood for this struggle and what seems now to be loss."

Jack could not answer, because of the tears that choked him, and his mother went on:—

"I would, of course, like to see you where you want most to be; but there is no life-path that has not a grand ending if it only be rightly followed, and I feel sure that you will follow and reach the best that is before you. To be a true man in the world is better after all than to be a learned one; and if your ambition be worthy of its object, you will find a way to accomplish what you so desire."

"Yes, mother, I know, and it is all right; but you do not think me weak and selfish because I have been trying to accustom myself to the new phase of things and to think it all out, do you? I want to do what is best and right, and God helping me it *shall* be the best, and you and I together must see it so. I will *make* it the best, Marmie, dear."

Out into the world to look for work Jack went the following morning. A hard, a weary task he found it. In one store there was no vacant place among the clerks, in another he was not thought rugged enough to do the work required of him; and he went out of one door and in at another, until it seemed to him, after the day was over, that the world was made up of gruff, sharp men who had no thought or care for any one beside themselves. His head, his feet, and, most of all, his heart, were weary when he went home; but he forced a bright look into the tired eyes and a brave sound into the clear voice as he sprang into the sitting-room.

"No sort of luck to-day, Marmie! It is n't a good day for situations; but I think perhaps they will be thick as blackberries by to-morrow."

And his mother read beneath the light words all the disappointment and pain, and her voice had the tremble in it, when she answered him, that Jack's had not.

Perhaps a good night's rest helped him; perhaps his face had an older, stronger look the next day; at any rate the very first place into which he went in the morning opened readily to him, and before a week had passed he was behind the ribbon counter in Gray, Dearden, & Co.'s dry goods store.

Oh, how he used to long for night to come during that first week! how tired he got of colors and widths, and satin, brocade, and gros-grain ribbons! He was not used to standing all day, either; and the rules of the store would not permit him to lean back against the wall behind the counter, nor of his sitting down for even a minute's rest.

(*To be continued.*)

The noblest motive is the public good.
Virgil.

FISHING.

Three small children were fishing,—
Fishing with rod and line;
One was three, and one was six,
And one was nearly nine.

What do you think they fished for?
One of them really thought
Out of a nurs'ry window
Real, live fish could be caught.

One of them just pretended
Fish could be caught that way;
He stood by the window and listened,
Just because it was play.

One of them thought 't was funny,
Because the others wished;
So she stood with her brothers,—
And that 's the way they fished.—*Selected.*

A BRIGHT MAY MORNING.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LITTLE LESSON ABOUT MEMORIAL DAY.

BY AUNTIE BETH.

SOME ONE said the soldiers were coming, and off raced Frank and Susie to see them. Down the street they came with a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, the slow music of the band sounding very grand and solemn to the children's ears.

Frank and Susie knew why the band played no "jig tunes," as old gran'ther Locke called gayer airs; and they looked very proper and sober for two such merry little people, as the long procession passed, with a wagon filled with flowers at the rear.

Just exactly what Memorial Day meant, they did not know. But old Gran'ther Locke had been a soldier, and Frank and Susie sometimes carried him a little basket of nice things their kind mother sent, for poor old gran'ther lived alone, and was pitied very much because two of his sons never came back from "the war;" and as he was a very interesting talker, the brother and sister took great pleasure in listening to him, and very often learned something useful from the good old man.

"Oh, les' run to the cemetery," cried Frank, "if we cut down Elm street and run fast as we can, I don't b'lieve but we can get there before the percession does, and think how nice that would be!"

But Susie hung back. "Papa said last night, you know, that it was too far over to the cem'tery for little folks to go. He said it would tire us too much to trudge all that ways."

"Ho, pooh!" exclaimed Frank, "he did n't say we must n't go. Come, make up your mind, quick."

"'T is n't right, — I know 't is n't, Frank."

"Well, all is, Miss Susie Lane, if you're goin' to give up havin' a good time just 'cause you're afraid everythin' is n't just right, I'm goin' on my own hook, and you can run back home."

Susie was no saint, but like most other little girls, she wanted all the fun there was; so without troubling her head any further about the right and wrong of it, off she scampered with Frank, raced through Elm street, then down Willow Path, and along the wide, long avenue to the cemetery.

They had out-run the procession, as Frank had promised, but oh, how warm they were! It was a beautiful sunshiny day, but the sun was very hot, and it had seemed to Susie as though Willow Path would never come to an end. As papa said, it was too long a trudge for her little feet.

The children travelled on through the grounds until they came to a rustic bower, where very fortunately there was still room for two on one of the benches; and glad enough they were to rest. People were already there in great numbers; and it was a pretty sight to see so many persons moving about the smoothly gravelled paths, to see the fresh flowers peeping up, to hear the birds singing, and in a moment they caught the music of the band again as the procession drew near.

"I'm glad we come," remarked Frank, briskly.

"Y-e-s," said Susie, speaking more slowly; "if it only was right, and was n't wrong." Her tired little feet already made her think perhaps papa was right in thinking the distance too great for feet no larger than hers and Frank's.

"Don't ever be too fussy 'bout right and wrong things!" said Frank, loftily, and with a little impatience. "Girls most always is timid, but one of these days you'll be bigger 'n older, and won't hang back, 'fraid to have a little fun 'cause it may be wrong, 't is n't any use."

Susie did n't know what to say, so kept still; but in her own mind she was far from feeling satisfied that Frank was giving her good advice. Then they jumped down, and for a time forgot tired feet and everything else, except the pleasure and interest of watching the men lay flowers on the graves of the soldiers who had laid them down to rest.

"Frank," asked little Susie, "what was it they had the war about, and what makes them put flowers on the graves of the soldiers that died?"

"I don't know 'xactly what they fit about," said Frank, not liking to acknowledge he did not understand all about the war; "but I guess most likely there was somethin' went wrong, and part wanted things one way, and part another, and so they fought over it."

"Perhaps," began Susie, who had a very active imagination, and liked to make up stories for her own pleasure, "perhaps the people wanted a king, and some said they should n't have a king, and then p'r'aps the rest said they would have a king, and so they got up a battle to see which would beat."

"I don't much b'lieve that was the way of it," objected Frank. "I heard some soldiers talking last night, and I think 't was something 'bout the flag, 'cause one o' the men said, 'Well, she still floats over us all as proud as ever, and what 's more, she 's goin' to keep on floatin' to the end o' time,' and he looked right up at the flag on Grand Army Hall."

"Now, les sit down a little while," said Susie, "in this pretty place, then go home. Oh, dear!" she added, "there 's a great big man in there."

The children had wandered back to the bower with its inviting seats, and were disappointed, now that the ceremony was nearly over, to find that some one else, like themselves, was tired and wanted to rest. But when Frank peeped inside, he exclaimed, joyfully, "Oh, Susie! it's only Gran'ther Locke in here."

After they were comfortably seated, Susie said, "We been wond'ring what made the war folks talk about, and Frank thinks 't was all about the flag. I s'pose," she added, with a shy little laugh, "they put the flowers on the graves of the soldiers that said the flag should still be kep' up."

"Frankie told the truth as far as he got;" replied the old soldier, "but there was something way back of keeping up the flag, that men went to war for. You little folks will understand best just what the war was about, if I tell you that it was to settle a question of right and wrong. You could n't take in all the meaning of it, and 't is n't necessary. But there came a time in our dear country when it had got to be decided whether as a nation, we would do right in the sight of God, or whether we would permit or do a great wrong. And that 's the same old question that keeps coming up in our lives. Even you little people have to settle it once in a while, don't you know you do?"

Frank said, "I s'pose so;" but Susie, who had a very tender little conscience, said slowly, "I 'm doin' awful wrong this very moment, Gran'ther Locke! awful wrong!"

"Oh, I hope not, little missy," said the kind old voice, "I hope not."

"Yes, but I am," persisted Susie. "Papa, he said 't was too far for Frank and me to walk way over here; but we wanted dreadful to come, and I tried to b'leve 't was right, 'cause Frank said I mus' n't be too fussy 'bout right and wrong, 'cause papa did n't say right up 'n down, 'You must not go.' Now, I wish I had n't come, if Frank did say I ought not to be so 'fraid."

"You made a great mistake, my little man! a great mistake!" And the old soldier spoke up with such a different voice from what he had ever used before in their hearing, that the children were very quiet, and even Frank, who had talked so stoutly to his sister in the morning, did n't have a word to say.

"You ought to understand," he went on, in a little gentler tone, "that many of the men on whose graves the soldiers have laid flowers to-day, gave up their homes, went into battle, and gave up their lives for the sake of what they thought to be right. There is n't any middle ground; right is right, and wrong is wrong, and the next time, my little dear," he added, turning to Susie, "that you feel a thing is n't quite right, you may be very sure that it is quite wrong, and — you stick to the right, little missy, and you 'll feel a great deal better for it."

"Yes, I 've had a real bad feelin' here, all the mornin';" and the little girl put her hand over the spot where her good little heart was beating.

Then Gran'ther Locke said very gently, this time: "I don't think little people like you two need feel very distressed when you make a mistake, because it 's mistakes that help us all to do better next time, if we only try to. But whenever you think of Memorial Day, remember that one reason why you live in so great and free a country, where you have so many pleasures and feel so safe, is because there were a great many brave, true men who were determined to do right."

On the way home, Frank asked Susie if she should tell about their going to the cemetery. Susie thought a moment, then said, stoutly, "Yes, I shall tell papa every word 'bout it, 'cause it will be right to, and it would n't be right not to."

When Susie told her papa just what had happened that night, she wound up the rather long story by saying: "I really and truly don't think I knew 'bout right and wrong. I thought p'r'aps there was a little way to do things that were n't quite right and that were n't quite wrong."

"You thought there was a middle ground?" asked papa, with a smile.

"Yes," quickly answered Susie, "and that 's just what Gran'ther Locke says there is n't."

"What do you think about it, my boy?" papa asked, turning to Frank.

"I think just as Susie does," he said, honestly. "And I could n't go for a soldier, I s'pose, unless I knew what I was 'bout, and was willin' to stick to the right, as gran'ther said Susie 'd better do."

"I 'm very, very glad my dear little son and my dear little daughter have learned so good a lesson on Memorial Day," papa said with a bright smile. "Only don't forget it, and it will be one of the best lessons of your lives."

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The apple-trees with bloom are all aglow,
Soft drifts of perfumed light, —
A miracle of mingled fire and snow,
A laugh of spring's delight.

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
The valley's pure repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks they heap
Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads, clustering thick, they shed
Their sweets to murmuring bees,
And o'er hushed lanes and wayside fountains spread
Their pictured canopies.

Horatio Nelson Powers.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE BABY'S WREATH.

BY MARY L. HAGAR.

I WONDER who told the flowers when to be ready! But some one must, for there they were, with their gay new gowns all sparkling with dewy jewels in the morning sun, just waiting to be picked, — purple and white lilacs, pink honeysuckle, flaming tulips, and sweet narcissus, and lily of the valley. The children could hardly wait to eat their breakfasts, they were so excited, for it was the thirtieth of May, which meant to them a long, merry holiday. They were almost inclined to be cross when mamma made them stop to put on their hats and rubbers, and they tore across the lawn to the garden like young colts. But they found aunty and James, the gardener, there before them, piling great baskets with cedar branches and heaps of blossoms.

"Let me have some scissors, Aunty, I want to help," called Helen, dancing up and down.

"Run into the house and ask Katy for some," answered Aunty, from the top of a step-ladder, where she was cutting masses of feathery lilac. "Don't fall and stick them into your eyes," she added, warningly, but Helen was already out of hearing.

Bess, quiet little mouse, waited for nobody's help, but trotted as fast as her little legs could carry her to her own tiny flower-bed at the bottom of the garden. It was full of purple and yellow violets, with their quaint, pert faces. There had been other flowers there at first, but the violets had choked out everything else; and Bess, like a philosopher, had declared sturdily when Helen laughed at her posies, "They look like kitties, and I like 'em best." She had carefully guarded her treasures, letting no one pick them but herself, and she never picked more than four or five at a time.

"Bess is too stingy for anything with her old violets," Helen declared, and mamma privately agreed, and decided that something must be done to make the little girl see that the chief happiness in owning things is not to keep them all one's self. Bess must not grow up a little miser, and there seemed danger of it. But, without knowing it, mamma had begun a cure.

When the children had begged for a story when she tucked them in bed the night before, she remembered that the next day was Decoration Day; and she told them of the brave men who had said good-by to their mothers and wives and babies, and marched away thirty years ago, to fight for the poor slaves in the South; and how, after many terrible battles, the men who had not been killed by the cruel guns came home again, after they had won the victory, a few well and strong, but many of them with only one arm or one leg, yet all glad and proud that they had helped their country to set the slaves free. And then all the people agreed to keep one day each year in memory of the poor men who had not come back, and promised to give their loveliest flowers to cover the graves that day.

When mamma finished, there was a sob in her voice, and Helen remembered suddenly that Uncle John, mamma's brother, had been killed in the war. Little Bess did not understand anything about that, but she knew mamma was sad, and she put her chubby arms around her neck and kissed her. Then mamma had turned out the gas and gone downstairs, and Bess had thought of her violets with their little kitties' faces, and wondered if she ought to give them for the soldier men's graves. They were so cunning, and she loved them so! But, if everybody gave flowers, she must, too; and they were all she had. But she was too sleepy to wonder long, so she went to sleep, and dreamed that some one was picking all her precious posies, and as each stem was broken it turned into a real pussy, and mewed pitifully.

The mewing woke her up, and she opened her eyes to find the sun streaming in the window, and Helen already half dressed. While she was dressing, she decided in her resolute little soul that she would pick all her violets for the soldiers. But now that she saw the flowers just opening their bright eyes and peeping at her, her courage gave out. But she was a determined little maiden, and after a minute she stooped and picked one a little cautiously, half expecting her dream to come true. But there was no mew, and so she picked another, and another. The stems were a little short, and they got crushed in her warm, little hand; so she filled her white apron. The sun began to get hot, and stooping made her back ache; still she picked on. Helen came back with the scissors and went to cutting the cedar up in little sprigs, and forgot all about Bess. At last mamma came out on the piazza.

"Where 's Bess?" she called.

"I don't know, mamma," said Helen.

"Here I am," came a shrill voice from behind the currant bushes at the foot of the garden. A hot, flushed little face appeared through the leaves, and its owner trudged wearily up the walk, holding up the corners of her apron in both hands.

"I 've picked 'em all, mamma, and they did n't mew, not any of 'em," Bess announced, triumphantly, as she came within hearing distance.

"Mew! what is the child talking about?" and Aunty almost tumbled off her lofty perch, as visions of the destruction of her new double jonquils mingled in her distracted mind with the ghastly image of her pet cat, Sancho, without a head.

"Nothing; only her violets. Don't be alarmed, Charlotte," laughed mamma, helping Bess unload the pretty things.

"They 're for the soldiers, mamma," gasped Bess, hot and tired.

Mamma bent and kissed her. "You 're a dear little girl! Papa will be proud of you. Now, we 'll put them in water. She vanished for a pan of water, smiling to herself at the turn of affairs.

Aunty came down from the ladder, and she and James brought the big baskets of green and flowers up onto the old piazza in the shade, and emptied them into tubs of water. Mamma brought out rolls of wire and strips of green cambric, and James cut the wire in the right lengths, and tied the ends together, while Aunty and Helen wound them with the green cloth. Aunty began a wreath of red polyanthus, white snow-flowers, and blue violets for Helen to finish.

"I want to make one, too," said Bess.

"You 're lots too small," declared Helen, with the dignity of her eleven years. "You 'd spoil it; would n't she, mamma?"

Mamma saw Bess's eyes fill with tears. She laid down her flowers, "I 'll fix a little one for you, dear; and you shall make it of your violets," she said. Bess brightened up.

Mamma wound a tiny wire wreath, and tied on a little bunch of cedar and violets, and showed Bess how to wind the string so as to hold the flowers.

The little forehead puckered itself intently over the task. The flowers had such short stems, and the string would get tangled up.

"I want to get mine done before papa comes," Helen said, surveying it critically; "then maybe he 'll carry it in the procession this afternoon."

"Who 'll carry mine?" asked Baby Bess, squeezing the string very tight around the stems of the poor violets.

"Nobody 'll carry such a looking thing," began Helen, in spite of mamma's warning glance.

Bess dropped the wreath, looking at her mother piteously. "All my violets!" she sobbed. Her little heart bled at the thought that she had sacrificed her beloved blossoms in vain.

Mamma brushed the big tears off Bess's nose. "Of course somebody will be very glad to carry your wreath, dear. Come, hurry up and finish it, for papa 'll be here soon, now."

When papa came he found the grass under the big elm-tree blossoming with wreaths and crosses, baskets, and bouquets. After luncheon they all came out to see the flowers loaded into a big wagon to go down town.

"You must keep one to carry yourself, for John's grave," said mamma, softly. "Come and choose one."

Helen caught her father's hand eagerly. "Oh, come and see mine, papa; it's all red, white, and blue," she cried. Papa looked puzzled.

"Which shall I take, Alice?" he said.

"That lilac one Aunty made, and this narcissus is mamma's, and here 's mine!" cried Helen. "Don't you think it 's pretty?"

Mamma quietly held up the little violet wreath. It was withered already, the violets having been hugged more tightly than was good for them, and there were bare places of wire showing. It was a very ragged and sorry-looking little wreath.

"This is Bess's wreath," said mamma. "She picked all her violets for the soldiers."

"That settles it, bless her heart," cried papa, swinging her on to his shoulder. "They 're all lovely, ladies," — he made a low bow, and kissed his hand at Helen, — "they 're beauties, but I think I 'll take — the baby's wreath!"

For Every Other Sunday.

DISPOSING OF THE KITTEN.

BY KATE WHITING PATCH.

THAT kitten had been into all sorts of mischief from the day it was born. It had killed a chicken, fallen into the soft-soap barrel, tripped poor Mrs. Triggs up half a dozen times a day, — and now when that good woman bustled into her kitchen pantry, there she found poor little Snowball nearly drowned in the tub of buttermilk. Mrs. Triggs carried Snowball into the kitchen at arm's length, and set her in the middle of the floor. "That kitten must be disposed of," she said, with a very determined look on her usually good-natured face.

Sally did not know what her mother meant by "disposing of the kitten," but she thought it must be something dreadful. Tabby, Snowball's sedate old mother, seemed to understand better; she had had a great deal of experience. She took it calmly, however, — she always did take things calmly, — and stretched herself comfortably before she walked across the room to the side of her child.

What did she do then? Well, she gave Snowball a good licking, — not a punishment, you know, but a thorough washing with the little red washcloth that all pussies carry about with them.

That afternoon the kitten disappeared. It had always been one of the great griefs of Sally's little life that kitties had to disappear, and she felt very sure Ben knew where Snowball had gone; but he said he did not, "honest injun." In vain Sally searched the farm over; in vain did she question old Tabby, who came for her meals as regularly as ever. If Tab knew anything about it, she would not tell.

Well, the winter came, and Sally was interested in another kind of snowball; and after a long time the spring came, with the pussy willows appearing along the roadside; and finally the big snowball bush in the front yard was budding beautifully.

One day Sally was sitting on the front steps, beside the snowball bush, and the great, fluffy blossoms set her to thinking of her lost kitty. "If she only had not disappeared like all the others," sighed Sally. And just then — will you believe it? — the living Snowball came bounding around the corner, and jumped into the lap of her little mistress.

Sally screamed with delight: "Why, you darling, where did you come from? where have you been all this time?" Snowball purred for answer, and put up her back to be rubbed. She was just the same Snowball, although she had grown a much larger kitty since the day she disappeared.

Sally almost thought it was a dream, and said again, as she gave Snowball a warm hug, "Where have you been, my kitty? Where have you kept her, Tabby?" But Tabby maintained a strict silence, as she rubbed against Sally's knee.

"I know," said the little girl. "You heard mother say, 'That kitten must be disposed of;' and you thought you would dispose of her yourself, and bring her back to me in the spring, did you not, you good old pussy?"

But Tabby was not going to tell her secrets; she simply looked very wise, and began to wash Snowball's face, although Sally declares that she purred "yes" very distinctly.

NATIONAL AIRS OF THE WORLD.

IN 1886, the State Department of Washington began to collect national airs from all countries. It took three years to complete the work.

It is a remarkable fact, that although the national songs of America are many, only one, "Hail Columbia," is of American origin. The air was composed by a German named Fyles, who was leader of the orchestra of the John Street Theatre in New York, upon the occasion of General Washington's visit to that playhouse in 1789. He called it "President's March," and it soon became a popular favorite. The words "Hail Columbia" were written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson of the eastern district of Pennsylvania in 1789, when a war between England and France was thought to be inevitable, and it was hoped that a patriotic song which made no allusion to either France or England, or the quarrel between them, would conciliate the belligerent factions in this country, and arouse in them an American spirit which would detract their attention from their differences. The author gained his object, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded.

The "Star Spangled Banner" was composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold, of England, for the old drinking-song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and was first used as a patriotic song in this country to the ode, "Adams and Liberty." The words of the "Star Spangled Banner" were written by Francis Scott Key in 1814, as he was detained in his boat, moored from the stern of the British flagship with his flag of truce, during the terrible bombardment of twenty-five hours of Fort McHenry. At last, when he saw the banner still waving, he snatched an old letter from his pocket, which he laid on a barrel, and giving way to his delight, wrote the spirited song, which he entitled, "The Defence of Fort McHenry," now "The Star Spangled Banner."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was written and composed by David T. Shaw, and set to the English, and not American, tune of "The Red, White, and Blue;" and this again seems to have been taken from "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean."

The martial air of "Yankee Doodle," which inspired the hearts of the heroes of Bunker Hill, was written by Dr. Shackburg, a British staff physician, in a spirit of levity and ridicule of the American forces. But even with him it was not original, being traced back to the reign of Charles I. The first American parody upon the French original was entitled "Lydia Fisher," and was sung long before the Revolution. It ran thus: —

Lydia Locket lost her pocket;
Lydia Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it.

Later on it was sung by the Tories, with another version. Some consider it an old vintage-song of France, and the Spanish claim that the first strains are identical with those of their heroic "Danza Esparta." Louis Kossuth and the Magyars recognize in it one of their old national dances. England entertains some faint tradition of its birth before Cromwell, and the Dutch claim it as a Low-Country song of Tithes and Bonnyclabber, giving the original words: —

Yankee Dedel, doodel down;
Dedel, dudel, lanter,
Yanke viner, vooner, vown,
Botermilk and tauther.

The origin of the national song of Great Britain, "God save the Queen," is somewhat shrouded in darkness, although Handel's amanuensis, J. Christopher Smith, vouches for the statement that Henry Carey is the author of it. It became publicly known in 1745, by being sung at the theatres as a loyal song or anthem during the Scottish rebellion, making its first appearance at Drury Lane on September 28 as "God Save the King."

The German Empire's great patriotic air, "Die Wacht am Rhine," ("The Watch o'er the Rhine") was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854; but it was little known until the late war between France and Germany, when it suddenly became the "battle-cry" of the latter.

Germany's national song, "Heil der in Siegerkranz," is of Spanish origin, and was later adopted for Prussian use by B. G. Schumacher. The same air is the national song of Great Britain, Bavaria, Switzerland, Brunswick, Hanover, Norway, Saxony, Weimar, and Wurtemberg.

"The Marseillaise," the great national song of France, was written and composed by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle to while away the dulness of garrison life. No other national air is so jealously loved and guarded by the French as this one; and it may be said to be the only one which the French people heartily love. In Algiers, too, the French hymn is the recognized national song.

Austria's national hymn was composed by Haydn after the pattern of "God save the King," the effect of which he watched on the public on solemn occasions during his visit to England, and with which he was so impressed that he determined to present his own country with a similar song on his return. The Zanzibar national air is also but a slight variation of "God save the Queen."

Turkey, although a great empire, has no national hymn. The hymns are called the Sultan's hymn or prayer; and, as a gentleman of high Turkish rank states, they "are always buried with the Sultan."

Syria's typical air is written backwards, conforming it to the Arabic, — that is, from right to left, not, as with us, from left to right.

The Servian national and patriotic songs are very melodious; and many have the peculiarity of ending a note above the keynote, which is especially prominent in the national song, "Rise, Servians." The music has a powerful effect upon the natives.

The Siamese national air was given to the compiler by an Englishman, who came with the Siamese embassy some years ago. He picked out the tune on the piano with one finger. The following day the Marine Band, under the direction of Mr. Sousa, played the air at the reception to the embassy at the White House.

San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, has by far the longest national song, covering ten pages of note paper.

The typical airs of the Philippine Islands are sung to a text in the "Tagaloc" dialect, and vary considerably, according to the circumstances under which the song is sung. The words are usually of an improvisatory character and chanted without any attempt at rhythm, the subject generally being of an amatory nature. The islands have the greatest number of typical songs of any country.

The following words are usually sung to the national air of Jamaica: —

Monkey, monkey play the fiddle;
Monkey, monkey play the fiddle;
Monkey, monkey play the fiddle;
  Make de baboon dance.

The music of the Fiji Islands is more rude than that of any people in the South Seas. They are absolutely insensible to the sweetest notes charmed from the violin, accordion, flute, or music-box, which caused so much delight to other islanders. Lapland has a curious reindeer galop. — *St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE present number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY calls attention to Memorial Day and what it stands for. The special feature we offer is the stirring song of "The Star-Spangled Banner," in the fac-simile of the author's handwriting. A noble patriotism is one of the best gifts that our common-school education bestows. Sunday-School instruction should not fail to teach this also, for out of it is a fraternal spirit for humanity and a desire to right the wrongs that exist in this world. One great object of religion is to enable people to live happily and to better results in this present existence. A boy or girl who grows up loving the country that is so full of blessings, honoring the noble examples of the past, and anxious to do something to put still further forward justice and true liberty, is sure to make a good citizen. And what does a "good citizen" mean? It means a man or woman who is not working all the time for "number one;" who is loyal to the institutions which live on; is willing to sacrifice for the good of the whole, and believes in something more than the "almighty dollar." Industry and money go far to make this land powerful; but great ideas and principles are the forces that move our nation to heights of prosperity. Memorial Day, with its tender services, recalls the cost of keeping the Union. It also holds up before our youth some of the finest valor and the deepest devotion humanity has ever displayed. May peace reign! May the old-time hostility die out, and the entire Republic be bound together in lasting ties of good-will, section to section, with loyalty from all to the Stars and Stripes!

PET OF THE PASTURE.

LETTER-BOX.

QUINCY, ILL.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — I made out a little puzzle, and I thought I would send it to your paper. I like the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY very much, and always read all the stories, and make out some of the puzzles. I went skating last winter, and had a great deal of fun. I am eleven years old, and live in Quincy.

Your faithful reader, A.

UPTON, MASS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I have been reading the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and like it very much. I am very much interested in the enigmas, and would like to send one of my own, if it is worth printing.

Yours truly, FRED M. ALDRICH.

[We should be glad to receive your puzzles.]

GROTON, MASS.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — I have long wanted to write you a letter, and send you a puzzle; but I have never had a chance until now. Please accept this pi puzzle, if you think it nice enough. If any of the girls who read the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY would like to correspond with me, I should be happy to write to them.

CATHERINE E. WOOLLEY.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I go to the Sunday School in Newton Centre, and enjoy it very much. I liked the story of Gladstone very much. I would like to see this letter printed.

Your constant reader,
CHARLES EVERETT, JR.

BIBLE SUMS.

TAKE one fifth of Joppa, two fifths of Egypt, one third of Dan, and one half of the place from which Abram was called, and find what Deborah was.

Take four sevenths of Babylon, and one fourth of Rome, and find the name of a tower.

Take the number of lepers who did not return to thank Jesus, and three fourths of a bee's home, and find where Jonah was sent.

Take a busy insect, an organ of sight, one half of what Moses smote to get water, and one half of a home and find a city of Syria.

GEOGRAPHICAL PI.

STATES AND THEIR CAPITALS.

Eamni.	Gatusau.
Woeynrk.	Baylan.
Spinaynalevn.	Rusbihrgar.
Senjewery.	Nettorn.
Peramhwishen.	Nocrodc.
Romtevn.	Tomleinpre.
Nivraigi.	Homdircn.
Sexat.	Sintau.

M.

ENIGMA XXXIV.

I AM composed of fourteen letters.

My 13, 9, 7, 2, is a part of a tree.

My 8, 4, 7, 2 is a domestic animal.

My 3, 6, 7, is also a domestic animal.

My 10, 12, is the opposite to agreement.

My 11, 12, 4, 13, is an article in constant use in the kitchen.

My 14, 1, 9, 13, is the carpenter's great friend.

My 5, 4, 7, is a very tasteful meat.

My whole is the name of the second great man of the United States.

E. McC.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 2, 3, 7, 6, is a girl's name.

My 11, 12, 8, 12, 6, is a beverage.

My 4, 2, 5, is the opposite of near.

My 10, 9, 7, is something we all do.

My 1, 12, 3, is a name applied to boys.

My whole is a beautiful city of the United States.

NELLIE SCHRAMM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

Anagram. The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it.

Enigma XXX. Beaver Brook Reservation.

PI PUZZLE.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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    B
  D I E
B I B L E
  E L I
    E
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CONUNDRUM ACROSTIC.

Grapes	Gamaliel.
Adullam	
Manna	
Aaron	
Lebanon	
Ivory	
Egypt	
Laban	

NEW FLOWER SERVICE.

THE New Flower Service, issued by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, meets with great favor. The plan of combining popular old songs with some new ones seems to hit the mark. The composers of the music are Arthur M. Raymond, Eben H. Bailey, R. H. Clouston, Carl Pflueger, Frederick O. MacCartney, Arthur F. Burnett, Mrs. A. T. Cobb, and Howard M. Dow. Words by Edward A. Horton.

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